The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OFFICE, Bloomfield, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. $2.00 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE

VOL. III.--NO. 3. Saturday, January 17, 1874. Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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OYSTERS.
FALL ANNOUNCEMENT!!
The Citizens of Newark and vicinity are informed that "FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM" will be continued in the Fall and Winter the same as in the Summer. "No postponement on account of the weather."
The same Delicious Creams and Ices,
WILL BE MADE AND DELIVERED TO
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AT THE SAME LOW PRICE AS IN THE SUMMER.
Boarding house keepers will find great advantage in having ICE CREAM for a DESSERT two or three times a week—they can cook up nothing that is cheaper or more refreshing.
ALL THE USUAL KINDS of CREAM.
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OYSTERS, SCALLOPS,
Tea, Coffee, Charlotte Ruse, &c.
Ladies will find our Saloon everything they desire.
The same liberal policy that characterizes us in Ice Cream will be observed in regard to Oysters, &c., so drop in see us.
FUSSELL,
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OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.
THIS Institution commenced business on the 24th of February last, in the Rhodes Building, No. 445 Broad Street, nearly opposite the M. & E. R. R. Depot. It is very conveniently located for residents of Bloomfield, Montclair and vicinity who may desire to have banking facilities in Newark.
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Mar. 1-1y

PEOPLE'S
Savings Institution,
445 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
NEWARK, Oct. 18, 1873.
At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held this day, a dividend at the rate of
7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM,
was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st of November, payable on or after November 18th, and if not drawn to be counted as principal from November 1st.
Money deposited on or before November 1st, will draw interest from that date.
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443 BROAD STREET,
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PAID UP CAPITAL, $200,000.
ASSETS, OVER $300,000.
JAS. J. DARLING, President.
A. P. SCHARFF, Secretary.
C. BRADLEY, Surveyor.
jy261y

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.
NEWARK, N. J.
Statement, January 1st, 1873

Balance as per statement, Jan. 1, 1872		$23,341 795 81
Received for premiums during the year 1872	$5,344,168 51	
Received for interest during the year 1872	1,524,116 18	
Received for annuities during the year 1872	770 99	
Total receipts for 1872	$6,869,055 68	
Paid claims by death	$1,911,444 72	
Paid endowments	40,301 11	
Paid surrendered policies	286,024 96	
Paid advertising and printing	64,004 90	
Paid contingent expenses	85,845 91	
Paid postage and exchange	11,081 49	
Paid taxes and internal revenue	84,644 00	
Paid commissions to agents	406,942 38	
Paid physicians' fees	20,884 23	
Paid annuities	1,465 70	
Paid return premiums	1,660 426 00	
	$4,573,063 91	
	$6,869,055 68	
	4,573,063 91	
		$2,295,991 77
		$25,457,787 58

ASSETS.

Cash on hand	$ 503,717 94	
Real estate	149,062 38	
United States securities	1,551,500 00	
State, city and county bonds	6,135,800 00	
Bonds and mortgages	10,224,302 70	
Loans on policies in force	6,852,970 90	
Loans on scrip	1,455 41	
Due for premiums in course of transmission	118,978 25	
		$25,537,787 58
Interest due and accrued	$ 324,681 58	
Premiums due and not yet received, on issues principally of November and December (of this sum $150,000 has since been received, January 15, 1873	438,681 95	973,363 53
Total assets January 1, 1873		$26,511,151 41

Ratio of Expenses to Income, (excluding taxes) 8.57 *per cent.*
The dividend of Return Premiums declared by the directors in 1872, will be paid to the assured, as their premiums fall due in 1873, in conformity with the rules of the Company.
LEWIS C. GROVER, President.
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Feb. 22-1

ASBURY LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
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C. C. NORTH, President,
A. V. STOUT, M. D. SAVIN, } Vice-Presidents.
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The Old Chapel Master.

THE CATHEDRAL ORGAN-LOFT.

I had just finished my work at the Academy of Music, and on my way home resolved to run into the cathedral and see my old landlord and music-master, Herr Zadaka, so that if the service were over I might walk home with him. I had been now ten months in Ratisbon, and in that time had contrived to learn a little counterpoint, a good deal of thorough bass, and a great deal more than either of love. Perhaps my progress in the latter passion was aided by the fact that I preferred seeing my own likeness photographed small in the blue eyes of Fräulein Zadaka to the conning over the masses of Palestrina and the elaborate compositions of the older masters. It is also possible that this sudden desire of mine for a walk with the old chapel-master might have been increased by the probability of Lisa being up in the organ-loft with him.

The congregation already dispersed, and as I met them streaming across the great square, I felt sure that Zadeka would be putting by his music and starting homeward by the time I reached the cathedral. It was sun-set, and a great flood of light was streaming in through the western door and windows as I entered, irradiating tomb and pillar, and spreading across the door of the nave a broad band of glorious radiance, like a cloth of gold laid down for some Emperor's coronation. There was no one in the church except one acolyte in a white surplice who was removing some tall silver candlesticks from a side altar. All at once the organ broke out with a great volume of rejoicing sound, and a portion of Palestrina's fine mass, "Stella quam viderant Magi," was poured forth with splendid power, and a spirit of devotion worthy of the composer himself. I was so delighted that I ran under the organ-loft and clapped my hands, just as the great deluge of music had subsided to a mere calm ripple of harmony, pure and sweet as a maiden's hymn.

An old gray head crowned by a black velvet cap, a head worthy of Titan's painting, looked out between the crimson curtains of the organ-loft, and a voice cried.

"Ha! my lieber Karl, it is you, then, who applaud the old chapel-master. Come up here and I will play you a finer bit than that from the "Sicut cervus desiderat," (as the hart pants for the water-springs.) Come up, my dear son. I want you to hear this hautboy stop."

I sprang up the old stairs with the agility of three and twenty, and was in a moment by Zadeka's side, studying the passage in the old music-book, with which he was so enraptured.

Again he played a glorious passage from the mass he had mentioned, till a stray gleam of sunset fell on his forehead, and transformed him into a saint singing in paradise to the glory of God. His eyes glowed with renewed youth as he pressed the deep yellow keys, till the music pealed around him, and made the very planks under our feet sing the carved cherubim above us vibrate again. Long processional passages, like the tramp of armies; bright carolings, as of welcoming angels; stormy fuegues full of rude thunder and the conflict of warring hosts, groans of sorrow as from expiring saints; then a radiant peaceful ending, like the subsiding of a tempest; with finally an outburst of delight, as from the golden doors of heaven thrown open to greet the great army of earth's martyrs. As the last note finished and the organ slowly subsided into rest, the old man, worn out by the vehemence of his own passion, closed the book, rested his head on his hand, and covered his eyes from the rich light that now fell upon them. He was silent for a moment or two, as I chatted about the doings of the morning—the pedantry of one master and the cleverness of another.

"And that Steiger, does he ever talk of me to you?" said Zadeka abruptly, watching me as I replied:

"Steiger!"

"Yes, Steiger. I see he has—you color. Tell me what he said."

"That you seemed like a man who had committed some crime, living so apart, and that no one knew your antecedants."

"He said that? Yes, because he tried to be organist here in this cathedral, and I beat him in open competition."

"O, no one cares what Steiger says; his blood is as black as ink, and he is as full of malice as a melon is of seeds. We're going to give him a cats' concert the last night before the vacation—such a one, with sixteen trombones and double tongs and poker chorus."

"Committed a crime!" mused the old man. "Committed a crime, and because I live apart. He did not say what crime?"

"No. O, don't think again of such a fellow as that. He hates every one."

"Do you hear a footstep in the nave?" said Zadeka, as he drew back the curtains and looked down anxiously into the nave, where the broad roadway of light still lingered.

"No, I hear nothing; we are alone here. I saw the last chorister boy go out as you were playing the 'Sicut cervus.'"

"Don't you see some one entering at the west door?"

"Where?"

"There, by the monument of the seven merchants."

"No, I see no one."

"Not there by the pulpit?"

"No."

"You look to the left pillar—I mean there to the right. Look! it is crossing toward the light on the floor."

I looked, and there truly, across the great golden band of light, I saw a thin youthful figure dressed in black, with a face turned from us, pass slowly toward the east door.

"There, there!" said the old man with a painful expression of apprehension. "You see it now; I am not dreaming—it is him! You see it!" and he hid his eyes and bent his head in his hands.

"It is only some chance visitor," I said. "I will run down and tell him the cathedral is closing, or he may be locked in."

I ran down in a moment, but no one was there. I called; no one answered. I ran from the east door to the west. I looked into the choir—there was no one. Yet it is true that there had been quite time for a stranger passing by to enter, cross toward the east door, return, and leave before I had descended the stairs; and that was the explanation I gave of what Zadaka evidently was inclined to consider to a supernatural appearance, without any more ground than his own excited and perhaps morbid imagination.

Just then I heard the sweetest little voice call. "Herr Papa, Herr Papa, where are you?" It was Lisa. I ran forward to meet her and we ran up the organ-stairs together. Herr Zadaka had fainted.

THE TEMPTATION.

More than a year had passed since that evening in the organ loft, and I had grown into a musician of some skill, and, what is more, I had developed what my enthusiastic fellow-students were kind to term, "a genius for composition." My ideas were crude, do doubt, and imitative, but they came fast, and I found in myself an ability to select and marshall them. They seemed to take shape; and while men more clever than myself, certainly more scientific, were wasting their time on drawing-room music, I always kept in view the one settled purpose of my life—original composition. Opera-writing as admitting of great play of imagination, and embracing almost every style of composition, was the path I had selected to fame; and the crown Beethoven and Mozart had striven for no one but pendants and catacecrous fools like Steiger could dare to despise. I had begun an opera on the subject of "Romeo and Juliet," with a fairy story interwoven; my love for Lisa had inspired me for the work. I poured into it all my love for her. That first passion, that never again burns so purely and so brightly, gave, I thought, a tenderness and truth to the love passages that I might never be able again to represent with such Italian passion and sustained vigor. For my next opera I might take the Cenci or Manfred, or some deeper or darker subject, and throw into that the ambition of riper years: but love, love I had decided should be the master spring of this my first work. I toiled on, selecting and rejecting, throwing away much, but only to dig still deeper for the gold. I wrote first a general sketch, taking special pains to blend harmoniously together the melodies with which I interspersed it. With fatherly care, my old master, Zadeka, guided my efforts and directed my callow judgment. Some of my finest things he thought too fine, and almost with tears in my eyes cut them ruthlessly out with that too ready pen of his, and with sweeping red lines that pained me almost like gashes across my flesh. Here some phrase that I had carelessly struck off grew, under his care, into a duet whose charms he insisted on. Many midnight hours we heard together the great cathedral clock hammer its nails into Time's coffin; many happy mornings we tried over songs till their last finish could be obtained, and they flowed on my violin like silk from a polished reel. With all the fire of youth about me, perserverance enough to hew down mountains yet patience scarcely enough to level a molehill, I should have sunk under the apparently hopeless task, had not the good old Mentor aided my faltering steps and cheered me with kindly draughts of flattery and hope. Here I was too *rococo*; there too modern; this quartet was flimsy: that chorus a mere shout, such as you hear in Tyrolese taverns among the woodmen; this part was too noisy, that too slight. O Romeo and Juliet, thy sufferings—were as nothing to mine. That buzzing passage of the violins to express the flies at the warm edge of a Summer wood, that trill of nightingales in the balcony scenes cost me more torture before it got right than ever the Egyptians suffered, or than Philomel herself ever endured. Cellini himself never took more pains to weld and fuse and rivet together the junctions of the Duke of Ferrara's engraved armor than I did to blend the love of the moonlight (nearly half hautboys,) and the terror of the charnel-house scene, where the double basses groaned and murmered. How Zadaka glowed with triumph, when I finished the scene in the balcony with passages of serenade music dying off in the distance, gurgling nightingale trills, and then a far-off shout of revelers! How Lisa bent over till I could feel the soft warmth of her cheek to sing us the notes for the dance! and how Zadaka's old friend, the cure, struck in with the bass of the quarrelling scene that opens the opera! I made love to Lisa in Romeo's song, and it was the evening after practicing a duet of the two lovers that I first clasped her to my heart, and heard her sob-like murmurs, which meant she loved me once and forever. If Zadaka had ever been ambitious and envious, as he used to say he had been in old days at Vienna, when he was the bosom friend of Mozart, he had certainly grown a different man now. He never was tired of practicing and hearing my opera. When I sat down and played my pet bits, he stood with his great china pipe like the very god of music and Rhadamanthus rolled into one; and when Lisa sang Juliet's songs he stood and listened like Orpheus in the Elysian fields, when Eurydice sings to him of their past sorrows and their present joys.

One summer evening we were seated under the vine outside the garden window, he with his pipe, I with my violin; and Lisa singing inside at the piano which stood near the window. It was getting dusk and the lamp was not lit. A nightingale jealous of Lisa, was preluding on the linden in the garden.

"O Karl," said Lisa, as she concluded the song with a shake that seemed to defy the nightengale and to have stolen all its harmony, "that is so beautiful. You will be a second Mozart. Now you shall have some coffee. I'll go and get the lamp, although you haven't been polite enough to give me an encore."

"Lisa!" I said, but she ran up stairs laughing.

"That girl loves you," said a voice close to my ear. It was Zadaka's. "There was love in that voice and in yours—but you do not want me to tell you that—youth and love, they are one. There is a tone of voice that love only can produce, it cannot be assumed; the greatest actress cannot learn those tones. It is the heart speaking, and the heart alone can produce that perfect harmony."

"How can I deny I love her?" I stammered, blushing crimson in the dark.

"It is that love that has raised you to genius. I felt sure it was, and I love you for loving her. But mind, you marry me with her; for to part would be impossible, my dark moments would then overwhelm me." His hand pressed my arm and I felt it tremble. "It is all I can do now not to yield to despair. I have been ambitious, very ambitious—yet here I am in old age a poor, forgotten music master, drudging at the Philistine's wish and bearing proud fools' insults."

"But your art consoles you." I tried to cheer him.

"It is your success consoles me, my son, and the love that has sprung up like a beautiful Spring flower between you and Lisa. But you must succeed before I can give her, who is the core of my heart, to you. You must some day, too, hear my story—perhaps then you will care less for Lisa."

"I love you as a father," I said fervently. "No misfortunes of yours, can lessen that love."

"If we can get the Government Director to grant a public rehearsal for your opera, it is certain of success. Look! is there not something moving down that hazel walk—something dark?"

I looked, but saw nothing but the glow-worms on the hazel bank. All beyond was now dark, and the only sound was a faint rustle of the leaves.

"You are sure you see nothing?"

"Yes."

"Ah, pardon me, I am old and shaken in nerves, and have been overworking at my History of Sacred Music. Now listen: I cannot, must not, give Lisa to you till your income is secure. Public success can alone secure it—you must succeed. Look at me; my life is the result of imperfect success, or rather of success obtained by wrong means. But I must not talk of that now. Again that piercing pain in my head! I am bound to tell you with the voice of experience that has become prophetic, that there are still crudities in your opera."

A pang went through me. Was I again to re-arrange the overture?

"There is a certain sense of immaturity in parts which you cannot see, and therefore cannot amend. This solo is delicious, that duet is charming; and yet there is no incomparable solo and no duet so irresistible as to make the whole theatre rise, as they did at Papageno's song in the "Magic Flute." One spice more, one grain of something, would secure to you fame, fortune and Lisa."

I trembled at these works, and felt some strange temptation to evil creeping over me. I was sure that the spirit of evil was urging me to something that would poison all my life, and covering the temptation with prizes of love and ambition almost irresistible.

A shudder passed from my heart to every limb. I did not answer.

Zadaka went on in a low monotonous tone, that seemed like a voice in a dream. "This opportunity lost, you will lose courage, and sink into the mere mechanists with whom you study, and whose faults I have striven hard to guard you from."

I hardly knew what to say. The solid ground under me seemed to have turned into a trap door and let me through. I murmured some broken reproaches, some half groans, half complaints that he should have encouraged me so far on the ocean, and now left me adrift, soon to be a wreck.

"Nay, my son," he said, "let not your heart sink. There is genius in your work, but you know not the public as I do—it is a beast, all eyes and ears, but without brains. They will hear that you are young and give but a faint and uncertain welcome: so that your opera may not be recognized as a remarkable work till you are gray-headed. I too shall leave music behind me that will, I think, some day be recognized; but what pleasure will my old bones feel from the green wreath thrown into my grave? You may one day lead the world; but you make this first success sure."

"But how—see how I have toiled! what delight and youth I have thrown into this work! What—"

At this juncture, and before Zadaka could unfold the plan which I mistrusted, Lisa came dancing in with the lamp, and began to open the chessboard.

TO BE CONTINUED.

VALIDITY OF MARRIAGE. We believe there is no statute law in the State of New York defining precisely what constitutes a legal marriage, but numerous decisions of the courts have established a common law. When a man not previously married lives with a woman, treating her as his wife and acknowledging her as such, she becomes his wife in law without any marriage ceremony, and is entitled to all the rights of property inhering in a wife. Judge Davis last week decided a case of this nature. A suit was brought for admeasurement of dower the plantiff claiming to have been the wife of A. N. Binger, now dead. The proof was that for 18 years she lived with the defendant, being treated by him as his wife, received by his acquaintances as his wife and receiving letters from him reognising the marriage. The plea of defendant was that no valid marriage ever existed between the claimant and deceased. Judge Davis decided that there was sufficient proof of marriage, and that the plantiff was entitled dower in the estate of her deceased husband. In all its legal aspects this is a righteous decision. No man should be allowed thus to involve the reputation and happiness of a woman for life without being made legally responsible for bringing her into such a relation.

The *Congregationalist* records the death of 61 Congregational ministers during the year. The average of 51 of them was 67 years. Two were upwards of 90, and ten were upwards of 80 years old.

Great Britain has forty-six colonial governments, scattered over the four continents, the West Indies and Pacific Islands.

Items of Interest.

The late three days fog in London must have been a most remarkable experience even for that city. The collisions of vehicles of all kinds in the streets, of boats on the river, of pedestrians on the side walks; and other casualties innumerable, many of them fatal, occasioned an incredible amount of suffering that is painful to contemplate even at this distance.

Francisco Hugo, son of Victor Hugo, died December 26, aged 45 years.

At the Pew rental, last week in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the premiums ranged among the hundreds, the highest being $410. The total amount realized was $59,430, $47,000 being for premiums alone. The total receipts last year were $59,301, showing an excess for the coming year of $129. Mr. Beecher expressed himself as highly satisfied, and grateful at the result.

In North Providence, R. I., as Israel Clark, aged 70 years, was going to his bed chamber, carrying a lighted candle, he stumbled and fell; his clothes caught fire and he was burned to death.

Charles H. Chamberlain, a young unmarried man, late of Maine, while walking on the Boston and Albany track, at Natick was drawn beneath the wheels of an approaching locomotive by the current of air and was instantly killed.

The number of colleges in the State of New York, is as follows: Literary 22; Medical 13; Law Schools 5.

The quantity of salt from the Onandaga Salt Springs, inspected during the last fiscal year, was 7,9959,172 bushels—less by 40,627 bushels than the productions of the preceding year.

John H. Reagan, who was the Postmaster General of the Southern Confederacy, is a candidate for the United States Senate from Texas.

Gov. Booth, of California will not resign his office in consequence of his election to the United States Senate, as he will not take his seat in Washington until 1875, and he is thought necessary to thwart anticipated railroad schemes in the Legislature.

The advices from the Cape of Good Hope state that the gold discoveries reported by the previous mail at a locality about 500 or 600 miles north of the diamond fields whence they can be reached in about seven or eight days. Two nuggets having been found, one weighing sixteen and one-half ounces, and the other nearly twenty-three ounces, has led to the inference that the district may be very rich.

Mrs. Helen W. Webster of New Bedford has been tendered the position of professor of anatomy, physiology and hygiene, and resident physician at Vassar college—a position which Miss A. C. Avery has held since the establishment of the college and made it what it really is, one of the most important in the whole faculty. Mrs. Webster has been very successful as a physician at New Bedford, and is represented to be well qualified for the Vassar position.

A drunken man in Yates county fell from his wagon while returning home and was run over and badly crushed. His wife recovered $1,200 under the civil damage law.

By the deed of endowment of the school at Penikese, Professor Agassiz had a right to select his successor as president, and he chose his son Alexander Agassiz.

Quite a number of men are employed in this city in catching frogs for the Boston frog eaters. One man has taken a thousand and another six hundred this season. They are kept in tubs and fattened with meal, and shipped to order.—*Newburyport Herald.*

The sufferings of the settlers in Northwestern Iowa, prove to be much greater then has been believed. The number of families is said to be 100, and of persons over 4000, who are actually suffering from want of food.

The Wheat crop in California is said to be double that of last year.

Deep snows blockade the railroads in Wisconsin.

The Hon. Shakespeare Caldwell of New York city, has given to the city of Louisville, Ky., for its poor, a handsome building, for hospital purposes, which he has had erected at a cost of $80,000.

A CHOLERA COMMISSION.—The House has adopted a resolution designed to secure a valuable contribution to sanitary science.

The Secretary of War was directed to detail a sufficient number of army medical officers to visit the places in the South where the cholera prevailed last year, as an epidemic, and to report before Jan 1, 1875, upon the causes and origin of the disease.

Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J., numbers about one hundred students in attendance and was never in a more prosperous condition in all respects.

The different Gas companies in New York, have offered to light the street lamps for one year as follows: New York Gas company at $32 each lamp. Metropolitan $37 each; Harlem Gas company $39 each; N. Y. Mutual $35 each.

The Mercantile Library of Brooklyn, which last year secured the services of Prof. Tyndall, now announces a course of scientific lectures scarcely less attractive and not less valuable. It is a series of six, by Richard A. Proctor, on "Astronomy." Prof Proctor is one of the most successful lecturers of the day, and a master of his subject.

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